

# SWEET WILLIAM, OF PLYMOUTH.



Beautiful Susan.

A SEAMAN of Plymouth, sweet WILLIAM by name,  
A wooing to beautiful SUSAN he came;  
At length he obtained her love and good will,  
And likewise her father admired him still.

Her mother was likewise as well satisfied,  
The day was appointed the knot should be tied;  
All friends were invited, but you see, by the way,  
Sweet Susan she sickened, and languishing lay.

They used their endeavors to raise her again  
By learned physicians, whose skill was in vain;  
A week she continued, sweet William did grieve,  
Because of his love he must needs take his leave.

As being commanded to sail the next wind,  
And leaving his sorrowful jewel behind,  
He said, we'll be married when I come again,  
If you, by good fortune, alive should remain.

So long as I live I'll be true to my love,  
And, Susan, I hope you as constant will prove;  
Ne'er doubt it, sweet William, my jewel, said she,  
There's none in this world shall enjoy me but thee.

A tribute of tears then at parting they paid,  
Sweet William, the mother, and languishing maid;  
And likewise the father was grieved to the heart,  
Yet nevertheless for a time they must part.

Away to the ocean sweet William is gone,  
Where now we will leave him, and show you anon  
How base and deceitful her parents did prove,  
They counselled their child to be false to her love.

Now, when the sweet damsel had languishing lain  
Near five or six months, she recovered again:  
Whose beauty was brighter than ever before,  
So that there were many her charms did adore.

All did account her that came in her view,  
Her name through the neighboring village it flew,  
To be the most beautiful creature on earth,  
Although but a fisherman's daughter by birth.

Although she was courted by none of the worst,  
A wealthy young farmer came unto her first;  
He called her his jewel, the joy of his life,  
She said, pray be gone, I'm another man's wife.

By those solemn vows, in a secret place,  
If I should be false, may I live in disgrace;  
The sharpest correction my punishment be,  
Therefore be you gone from my presence, said she.

Next came a young 'squire, and called her his dear,  
And said he would settle two hundred a year  
Upon her, if she would be his sweet bride;  
I cannot, I dare not, you must he denied.

Then unto her father and mother he went,  
When, having discovered his noble intent,  
They being ambitious for honor and gain,  
They strove to persuade her, but all was in vain.

Says she, dearest parents, observe what I say,  
In things that are lawful I'm bound to obey;  
But since you would have me be perjured for gold,  
I cannot submit, to the truth I will hold.

They found it was then but a folly to strive  
So long as she knew her true love was alive;  
To bring her to mind any other but he,  
Therefore, the young 'squire and they did agree

To send this beautiful creature away  
Along with a lady to Holland, and they  
Would tell her love at his return she was dead,  
So that he to some other young damsel might wed.

Then it would be lawful to marry the 'squire,  
Who did her fair beauty and features admire;  
This was their contrivance, to Holland she went,  
Poor creature, she knew not their crafty intent.

For since her parents would have it so,  
In point of obedience she yielded to go;  
Where now we will leave her and return to her love,  
Who had been gone from her two years and above.

In William's long voyage he came to a rich place,  
Where he had been but a very short space,  
When fortune did favor him, so that he bought  
A bargain worth hundreds and thousands 'twas 't.

Then laden with riches he came to the shore;  
He said, my dear jewel, whom I adore,  
I will go and visit before I do rest,  
My heart has been many months lodged in her breast.

Then unto the house of her parents he came,  
He called for his Susan, sweet Susan, by name;  
But straight her dear mother did make this reply,  
It is long since our daughter did languish and die.

His heart at these tidings was ready to break,  
The place where she dwelt he could hardly forsake;  
At length, with a flood of salt tears, he replied,  
Farewell to the pleasures and joys of a bride.

My sorrows are more than I am able to bear,  
Is Susan departed, sweet Susan the fair?  
There's none in this world will I marry, for she  
Is laid in her grave, who was worthy of me.

Their presence he quitted, with watery eyes,  
And went to his own father and mother likewise;  
His own loving parents, and with them he left  
His wealth, because he of his love was bereft.

Resolved I am to travel again,  
Perhaps it may wear off my sorrow and pain;  
Take care of my riches, it is treasure unknown,  
And if I return not then all is your own.

But if I should live to see you once more,  
I make no great doubt the same you'll restore;  
O, that I will, son, his dear father replied,  
So for his long voyage then he straight did provide.

He entered on board, and away he did steer,  
The seas they were calm, the elements clear  
At first, but at length a sad storm did arise,  
Black storms they did cover and darken the skies.

The seas they did foam, and the billows did roar,  
At length they were drove on a Hollandish shore;  
Their ship was so shattered and torn up indeed,  
That they on their voyage could not safely proceed.

Now, while they laid up their good ship to repair,  
He went to the city and walked here and there;  
As he was a-walking along in the street,  
His beautiful Susan he chanced for to meet.

He started as soon as her face he beheld,  
With wonder and joy he was instantly filled;  
O, tell me, he said, ye blessed powers above,  
Do my eyes deceive me, or is it my love?

They say she's been buried a twelve-month almost,  
It is my dear jewel or her charming ghost;  
Then straight he ran to her and found it was she,  
Then none in this world was so happy as he.

Then said dearest William, O, why didst thou roam?  
What destiny brought thee so far from thy home?  
The story she told him, with watery eyes,  
Concerning the farmer and 'squire likewise.

They courted me long, but I still told them nay,  
And therefore my parents have sent me away  
To wait on a lady with whom I am now,  
Because I refused to be false to my vow.

He presently told her of all his affairs,  
His riches, his trouble, his sorrow and cares,  
And how he was going a voyage for to make,  
He did not know whither—but all for her sake.

But as he was sailing the weather grew foul,  
The seas they did foam, and the billows did roll;  
Yet nevertheless, on the turbulent sea,  
The waves were so kind they conveyed me to thee.

I'll unto your lady, and now let her know  
You will serve her no longer, but you must go  
With me to fair Plymouth, where you shall be seen  
As gay as herself or her beautiful queen.

He made a despatch and soon brought her away;  
The seas they were calm, and the wind did obey.  
So that in short time to fair Plymouth he came,  
And now he was clearly for changing her name.

He told his own father and mother that here,  
By fortune's kind favor, he had met with his dear,  
And we will prepare for the wedding, said he,  
Her father and mother invited shall be.

Then William, he hastened unto them at last,  
And told them the height of his sorrow was past:  
Since you say Susan, your daughter, is dead,  
I've found me a beauty with whom I will wed.

Therefore, I have come for to bring you the news,  
I hope that our favor you will not refuse;  
O, honor me then with your presence I pray,  
And come to the wedding, to-morrow's the day.

They promised they would, & was pleased to the heart,  
To think how bravely they had acted their part;  
Now, said the mother, I have got my desire,  
We will call home our daughter to marry the 'squire.

The very next morning sweet Susan was dressed  
With sumptuous apparel, more gay than the rest;  
With the richest of silk the world could afford,  
Embroidered with gold which he sent from on board.

With diamonds and rubies her vesture did shine,  
For beauty, she seemed like something divine;  
Scarce ever was mortal more glorious and great,  
And likewise her modesty suited her state.

When with the bride down to dinner they sat,  
Her parents and friends who were lovingly met,  
Her stately apparel had altered her so  
That her father and mother her face did not know.

A health to the bride round the table did pass,  
The mother of Susan, then taking the glass,  
To do as the rest, she spoke up with a grace,  
Our daughter, if living, had been in your place.

The bride, at her saying, then modestly smiled  
To think that her mother knew not her own child;  
Soon after, the bride did arise from her seat,  
And fell on her knees at her dear parents' feet.

I am your own daughter, which you chose to send  
To Holland, but fortune has stood my good friend,  
And placed me secure in the arms of my love,  
For which I may thank the blest powers above.

Her father and mother with blushes replied,  
The 'squire was earnest to make you his bride;  
But since it is ordered by Heaven's decree,  
We grant you our blessing, so rise from your knee.

Then William spoke up with a notable grace,  
A fig for the 'squire, bring him to my face;  
Then crowns of bright silver with him I'll let fall,  
And he that holds longest shall surely take all.

They wondered how he had such riches obtained,  
Yet they believed it was true from the main;  
Because he appeared so gallant and gay,  
With music and dancing they finished the day.